

# The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by  
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.  
THE TIMES, Founded.....1888  
THE DISPATCH, Founded.....1850  
Address all communications  
THE TIMES-DISPATCH,  
Telephone, Randolph 1.  
Publication Office: 10 S. Ninth Street  
South Richmond.....1020 Hull Street  
Petersburg.....109 N. Sycamore Street  
Lynchburg.....224 Eighth Street

HASHBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.  
Special Advertising Representatives  
New York.....220 Fifth Avenue  
Philadelphia.....Natural Life Building  
Chicago.....People's Gas Building

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
BY MAIL. One Six Three One  
Year \$4.00 \$6.00 \$12.50 \$3.50  
Daily and Sunday.....\$4.00 \$6.00 \$12.50 \$3.50  
Daily only.....4.00 2.00 1.00 .50  
Sunday only.....2.00 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in  
Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:  
Daily with Sunday, one week.....15 cents  
Daily without Sunday, one week.....10 cents  
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as  
second-class matter under act of Congress of  
March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast  
are served together with unfailing regu-  
larity in the Best Homes of Richmond.  
Is your morning program complete?

## City Attorney Should Act

THE need of separate waiting-rooms for  
white and black at the railway stations  
in Richmond is self-evident. No argument  
is required to prove that segregation of pas-  
sengers should be made effective. The sta-  
tutes provide for it, giving the State Corpora-  
tion Commission all the power it needs. A  
resolution of the City Council directs the  
City Attorney to appear before the commis-  
sion and ask that that power be exercised.  
There is no reason why he should not appear,  
and no reason why the commission should  
not act promptly. There is, on the contrary,  
every reason why these officials should act  
and act now.

## Tariffs and Wars

IF the commerce of the world were built  
on the open door and free commercial  
relations, commerce would produce friendly  
instead of unfriendly competition. If the  
nations of Europe had no tariff, those nations  
would not be so greedy for seaports, and  
would, therefore, be less inclined to fight  
for them. If German products could seek  
Belgium, Dutch and Mediterranean seaports  
without paying tribute to other nations, Ger-  
many's place in the sun would be hers with-  
out the acquisition of territory. Eliminate  
bitterness and hate and special advantages  
from commerce, and how many wars would  
be fought? Are not tariffs and war blood  
relations?

## Adding Insult to Injury

IT takes civilized warfare to add all the  
humiliation possible to the injuries of oc-  
cupation. There is Brussels, for instance.  
The Germans, having taken the city, now of-  
fer its inhabitants life and property protec-  
tion on condition that they do all the drudg-  
ery for the invaders, such as keeping the  
streets clean, foraging, digging trenches,  
lodging soldiers and feeding them, and pos-  
sibly shining a pair of military boots now  
and then.

There is some glory in being a soldier and  
falling under the bullet of an enemy, but  
when it comes to purchasing life at the price  
of humiliation—well, we never know what  
we'd do until we had to do it, but it does  
seem rather rough on the folk in Brussels!

## War Levels Politics

FROM a Berlin wireless, this: "Ludwig  
Frank fell while storming the charges  
near Lunenburg." The significance of the an-  
nouncement is that Ludwig Frank was none  
other than the Frank so conspicuously the  
Kaiser's political foe. He was the hottest  
Socialist in the Reichstag. He was the man  
who in political life had done away with  
monarchy and handed over all government  
to the people. But at the call to arms he  
and others of his kind leaped to the gun  
in the name of his country, and now he has  
given his life at the behest of the ruler who  
said: "Get to Paris or die!"

It's a queer old world. Had this war been  
staved off long enough for Socialist activity  
to become militant, Ludwig Frank might  
have been one of the foremost in pulling the  
Kaiser from his throne.

## Get All the Truth

A BELGIAN mission will soon visit Presi-  
dent Wilson to present evidence, backed  
by documentary support, of German atrocities.  
Knowing the jingo as no other country  
knows him, America will listen and reserve  
the right to hear some of the other side.  
Doubtless, the first official statements of the  
Belgian mission will appeal to the jingo press  
as excuse for big headlines and thrilling re-  
ports. Unquestionably, some one will urge the  
United States to make a peremptory demand  
for peace, and not a few will remember the  
Madre.

But this is no time for Uncle Sam to be  
carried off his feet. The facts taken to-  
gether will be had enough. An ex parte  
statement by even heroic suffering Belgium  
must be horrible in its appeal to scare-  
makers. It is safe to say in advance that in  
this statement we shall have none of the ex-  
tenuating circumstances. If there can be cir-  
cumstances excusing brutality. It will be a  
statement filled with terror. The very sort  
of a statement that must be considered with  
more calmness than the jingo can ever call  
to his aid.

The whole truth will not be known until  
long after the war is ended.

## Scorn Not the Onion

THE venerable United States Department of  
Agriculture rises to remark that the  
meteorological conditions provided by the  
Weather Bureau during the month of August  
have been benign to the fragrant onion, re-  
minding us all that this vegetable is almost  
as infinitely various in its service as is the  
Department of Agriculture itself.

Consider the onion as a friend, and it shall  
berriend you; scorn it and you have lost a  
possibly ally. Medicinally, it is, in the form  
of syrup, an excellent for troubled bronchial  
tubes. Culinary, it outflanks its cousin  
many times removed, the garlic. Rubbed  
lightly in the dressing bowl, it imparts an  
animation which transmutes the salad dress-  
ing from a lifeless concoction into a lively

opponent of the dread enemy, stodginess.  
Cut up and used in liberal measure, the onion  
supplies a succulent steak into a heartless  
condition of gustatory delight, which, though  
hostile to overworked livers, can be cheerfully  
faced by true epicures, the same being those  
who have never put into their mouths more  
than their stomachs would welcome.

Dear old frolicsome, savorious onion!  
Who shall fittingly sing thy praise in the  
boiled incarnation? Opalescent, tender, in-  
siminating—with or without the sauce, yclept  
"cream" by the cognoscenti! He who turns  
from a dish of boiled onions is fit for "treas-  
ons, stratagems and spoils"; let him not  
come near your hearth or dining table.

August suns have been unkind to many of  
us. Enter it heavily to their credit that they  
have smiled upon Friend Onion—the com-  
panion of solitude in the raw state and the  
promoter and provider of good cheer in all  
others.

## "Holler Than Thou"

SOME of the saddest pages in the world's  
history contain the record of what has  
been done by people who believed that they  
and they only were possessed of righteous-  
ness and the keys of heaven. Zealots in all  
ages have killed and burned in their deter-  
mination to make their fellows conform to the  
zealots' system of salvation or rules of  
conduct. All of these felt that they had the  
sanction of divine right.

In our own day living men are being made  
corpses in the enforcement of this "divine  
right," and here in Virginia a hot fight is  
being waged, because a part of the popula-  
tion—some of its members sincere and others  
the cheapest of small politicians—seeks to  
impose its own notion of righteousness on  
every community, whether that community  
wants it or not.

That the State-wide prohibitionist is holler  
or has any diviner right to the enforcement  
of his views than the advocates of local self-  
government, is admitted only by the State-  
wide prohibitionists. The rest of the popula-  
tion would like to have been left to mind  
its own business in its own way. The local  
option laws are so elastic that any community  
can express its own sense of righteousness in  
its own way. Under it, liquor-selling places  
exist only where the neighborhood is willing  
to have them, controlled by public opinion,  
without which law is a sorry thing and  
righteousness a sham.

Those who desire to see the widest possi-  
ble application of the principle of local self-  
government are from the nature of their be-  
liefs immune from the "holler than thou"  
taint. No sincere adherent of that principle  
could attempt to force the licensing system  
of dealing with the liquor problem, for in-  
stance, on a community that did not desire it.  
The faith that is in him compels him to  
leave that matter in the hands of each com-  
munity.

Yet it should not be forgotten that those  
who uphold license have quite as much justifi-  
cation for seeking to enact compulsory  
State-wide license, backed by physical force,  
as the white ribboners have to seek to enact  
compulsory State-wide prohibition, which  
must also rest on physical force.

Zealotry in all the ages has in the end  
called upon physical force, which is also the  
essence of all State-wide prohibition effort.  
They confess the inefficacy of moral suasion;  
they admit the impotency of their own argu-  
ments to bring every-day folk up to their  
own high moral level. Therefore, they fall  
back, as of old, on physical compulsion. They  
get the approval of their consciences because  
of that unshakable "holler than thou" con-  
viction.

Those who look with a jealous eye on any  
threatened invasion of hard-won liberty of  
action, knowing that ceaseless vigilance and  
effort are needed to maintain the rights of  
free men, must deplore the downfall of the  
appeal to reason, and the supplanting it by  
the appeal to force. If prohibitionists were  
making progress by argument, they would  
not now ask a State-wide law in the enforce-  
ment of which reason is to play no part, and  
by which the physical force of the State is  
to drag the inhabitants as near to the high  
altitude of the prohibitionists as every-day  
men and women can be dragged.

## Peace-Prayer Day

PRESIDENT WILSON has set aside the first  
Sunday in October as a day, when all  
churches will hold special peace-prayer ser-  
vices, invoking the Almighty to guide the  
European entanglement out of its present  
apparent hopelessness.

On that day thousands upon thousands of  
devout people will offer their petitions to  
overruling power. The scoffer, the doubter,  
the agnostic will doubtless laugh—or attempt  
to laugh—even as they did of old. They will  
speak of the united prayers in time of  
drought that fail to bring rain.

Praying is a wholly good thing. Whether  
any particular prayer will or will not be an-  
swered is not the question. To guarantee it  
would be to attempt the superhuman. But  
one fact that is indisputable is that when  
a great many people pray earnestly, a state  
of mind is created, a faith is set in motion  
that, properly directed, is a compelling force  
in world affairs. Quite possibly, having  
prayed earnestly for peace, the people may  
proceed in the proper state of mind to de-  
terminedly enforce peace. It would not do  
for prayers to go unanswered when the an-  
swer may lie with the petitioner.

And when the President of the United  
States asks the people to pray together for  
peace, he is not leaving the answer wholly to  
the Lord. When this great people, because  
of their prayers, come into a state of mind  
that compels peace, who shall say that the  
issue has not been divinely determined?

Football Note: After working the ball  
by a series of end runs and line plunges to  
their opponents' five-yard line, the Germans  
were thrown for a ten-yard loss in an at-  
tempted dash around the right end, and the  
ball went over.

Society Note: Kaiser William and friends  
are on their way to Paris for a visit. An-  
other Society Note: Members of the Russian  
nobility plan a stay in Berlin.

Don't like St. Petersburg's new name,  
Petrograd sounds too much like retrograde,  
and Russia doesn't need any of that in hers.

As in so many other matters, the morning  
paper gives the war news and the evening  
brothers the rumors.

As Europe is a hospital, it is natural that  
the sick men of Europe should be offered a  
cot.

A girl used to be just a girl. Now she's a  
revelation.

## WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

"What is Carranza up to?" asks the Newport  
News Press. It is doubtful if Carranza, himself,  
knows.

Lynchburg and Petersburg register protests  
against Carranza's expressed contempt for the  
suffrage "burg" and call upon Fredericksburg  
and others to mobilize against Carranza to wipe  
out the insult. The Farmville Herald comforts  
them with the assurance that the Carranza  
can't do the "burg" out of their names.

The Chase City Progress is astounded that  
complaint should be lodged in Germany that  
Americans have no feeling for humanity because  
American newspapers are poking fun at the  
war. "And still we hear the echo of the Kaiser's  
order, 'Take Paris or die!'" and still we remem-  
ber his declaration that he is prepared "to sacri-  
fice a million men." The Germans are right;  
there is no such feeling of humanity as that  
in the United States.

The Charlottesville Progress accuses Kipling  
of inconsistency because he denounces German  
imperialism after having been all his life a  
staunch defender of British imperialism, but  
consistency is a jewel or a very doubtful virtue,  
according to whose ox is being gored.

The Tidewater News likes the Wilson letter  
refusing to take the stump this fall, and it also  
likes the Wilson diplomacy. "The Wilson brand  
of diplomacy," it says, "at one time harshly  
criticized by enemies at home and sneered at  
by Old World diplomats abroad, has come into  
its own as a factor to be relied upon when  
the welfare of a nation is at stake." There is  
little criticism of it at home now, and Ger-  
mans are willing to wager a dollar to the hole in  
the doughnut that the Republicans of Southwest  
Virginia are sorry they put that plank about it  
in their platform. As for the Old World  
diplomats, they are willing now to take any  
old kind of diplomacy in exchange for theirs.

"If the crowned heads of Europe ever get  
to heaven, they will stir up a scrap among the  
angels," says the James River Clarion. Pos-  
sibly, but why waste time on impossible suppo-  
sitions?

"Now is the time to remove the crowns from  
the crowned heads of kings and emperors," says  
the Fincastle Herald. Have you no pity for the  
great circus stars who will then have no one  
to play before?

"Here we are just learning the geography of  
Europe," says the Hanover Herald. "At the time  
when it is all about to be changed." Don't  
learn it, and you'll have nothing to forget when  
the war is over.

"Peace loving England," begins the Alexan-  
dria Gazette. Ye gods and little fishes. Read  
your history, man. England had a war once.

"Economy never begins at home with Con-  
gress," says the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. But  
charity does.

## VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Letters to the Editor should not be over  
250 words in length, and the name and ad-  
dress of the writer must accompany each  
communication, not necessarily for publica-  
tion, but as an evidence of good faith. Write  
on one side of the paper, and enclose stamps  
if manuscript is to be returned. Partisan  
letters concerning the European war will not  
be published.

## A New Candidate.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—What do you think of the man or woman  
who sets his, or her bundles beside her, occu-  
pying a whole lot of space in a street car? Is not he  
or she worthy of addition to your collection?  
STRAFFHANGER.

Richmond, September 12, 1914.

## Suggestion Was Made and Refused.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—If your review of the cause of the war  
is correct it could have been averted by the  
submission of the differences between Austria  
and Serbia to arbitration. What is The Hague  
tribunal, anyway?  
W. G. N.

Petersburg, September 11, 1914.

## Twentieth Annual Mosby Reunion.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—Please announce that the twentieth an-  
nual reunion of the survivors of Mosby's com-  
mand will be held at Charlottesville, Thursday  
and Friday, September 24 and 25, 1914.  
BOYD SMITH, Commander.

Mineral, Va., September 12, 1914.

## T. R. and Sugar.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—The price of sugar is rising and T. R.  
is returning from Louisiana, where he told the  
democratic party's action in reducing the tariff  
on sugar. What more could a tariff do than  
keep up the price of sugar? If war has done  
that why are the planters ruined? Does Mr.  
Roosevelt know what he is talking about, or is  
it that he simply doesn't care?  
J. K. C.

Richmond, September 12, 1914.

## Let Us Have Peace.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—Can you publish an entirely inter-  
esting and readable story without its being a  
running fight and succession of accidents, such  
as have befallen the hero and his friends in  
the "Troy of Hearts"? It becomes somewhat  
tiresome, and the reader wishes for a little  
cessation of hostilities now and then at least,  
especially when so much of the columns are  
taken up with actual warfare. Do give us peace  
somewhere. With all good wishes.

Blackburg, Va., September 11, 1914.

## Wars Are Like Boils.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—Comparing small things with great, wars  
are like boils. To treat a boil with a knife, is  
to make it worst. And wars, except of conquest,  
have their origin, like boils, in some deep-  
seated cause, and until that cause has been  
settled by victory or defeat, the war must run  
its course. And so with this war, it has deep-  
seated causes, and until they are settled by  
victory or defeat, it is childish even to think of  
peace.

Your editorial of the 11th instant sets the  
matter in its true light; either Germany or  
the allies must be beaten to a "frizzle" before  
either party will talk peace.

There is a time to speak and a time to refrain  
from speaking. Now is the time for peace busy-  
bodies to keep silence.  
LEWIS H. BLAIR.

Richmond, September 12, 1914.

## Must Fight to the Finish.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—Talk of peace in Europe is out of place.  
The time to talk peace is before the fighting  
started; it is useless now. There will be no  
peace until one side or the other is decisively  
beaten. Nor is an earlier peace desirable for  
the issue is decided would be necessary in an  
armistice, during which time the opposing nations  
would prepare feverishly for a renewal of hos-  
tilities. Under such conditions militarism of  
the past would be tame in comparison; a coun-  
cil of war lords of yesterday like an assembly  
of pigeons. Pray not for peace in any way,  
but for peace brought about by the overwhelm-  
ing defeat of one or the other of the opposing  
parties of Europe.  
JAMES H. C.

Richmond, September 12, 1914.

## Civilization's Advance.

"They don't burn yule logs any more at Christ-  
mas, do they?"  
"No, only money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Current Editorial Comment

**Must Stay On Firing Line**  
Opinion among those who know  
ex-Judge James W. Gerard, now  
ambassador to Germany, are of  
the opinion that he cannot be  
drawn away from his post to run  
for Senator from New York.

Ambassador Gerard is living in the midst of  
history that is in a fluid state. He has the  
interests not only of his own country but of  
seven of the belligerents on his shoulders. His  
work is not out for a moment, and it is a great work.  
He can do his country more service and gain  
more honor for himself by realizing the im-  
perative nature of the duties which have sud-  
denly devolved upon him, duties requiring every  
ability of a judge and every discretion and  
resolution of a man.

All accounts indicate that Judge Gerard at  
Berlin, Mr. Whitlock at Brussels, and Mr. Her-  
rick at Paris have been invaluable to their  
countrymen and to the interests with which they  
have been charged. The place for these men  
is on the firing line till the firing is over. The  
best political recommendation any one of them  
can have is to remain staunch and true in the  
trial, and opportunity in which fortune has  
placed them.—Columbia State.

The sufficient answer to criti-  
cism of the foreign policy of the  
United States government is that  
the United States is at peace with  
all the world. Americans prefer  
the answer of the "Inexperi-  
enced" Bryan to the Japanese ambassador,  
"There can be no heretofore friends,"  
to the experienced Von Bethmann-Hollweg's  
professional sneer at a "scrap of paper." The  
nation must take pride in the scrupulous ob-  
servance of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in the  
matter of a canal toll, now that a great  
European power has made a mockery of the  
treaty neutralizing Belgium. One can no longer  
sneer at "amateur diplomatists," in view of  
Gerard's splendid service at Berlin and Whit-  
lock's masterly rescue of unfortunates from  
the German guns.—Springfield Republican.

The government would not in-  
tend to have its vessels carry  
contraband, of course, but there  
is liability of dispute as to what  
constitutes contraband in any  
particular case, and all vessels  
trading with the belligerents would be under  
suspicion and liable to subject to examina-  
tion. It seems to us to be so obvious that any  
such proceeding as has been proposed would  
be liable to imperil the maintenance of strict  
neutrality and embarrass the government in its  
relation to one or another of the belligerents  
that it is amazing that President Wilson should  
tolerate the idea for a moment. Apart from this  
danger which might and probably would in-  
capacitate our government from acting as a  
"mediatory peace-maker," there is nothing in the  
exigencies of trade to justify, or even to afford  
an excuse for, such a proceeding.—New York  
Journal of Commerce.

"Here's something on the  
war," said a man in Winfield  
to the editor of the Courier. "In  
1870 Emperor William used  
to telegraph his wife Augusta:  
'By the grace of God, or by God's grace we have  
overcome the enemy, or The Almighty has  
again shown his grace to our victorious army.'"  
At that time London Punch published a cartoon  
showing the old emperor sending one of these  
telegrams as follows:

This wire to thee,  
My dear Augusta,  
To say we've had another buster.  
Ten thousand Frenchmen down below.  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

"As the present emperor's name is William  
and his wife's name is Augusta and he is send-  
ing her each day about the same kind of tele-  
grams claiming victory by the grace of the  
Almighty, the Punch cartoon of forty-four years  
ago again becomes applicable."—Kansas City  
Times.

"The record," President Wilson  
says in his letter declining to  
speak for himself, "speaks for itself."

It does. In comparison with  
what the record says, the  
promises of politicians, and their explanations,  
are all very words. The record is what counts.  
Yet that is a fact which politicians never will  
comprehend. They go on making promises and  
breaking them, in the same old way. And they  
expect to be able to smooth over their de-  
ficiencies with smooth words, and get away  
with it.

But the people are "on" more and more. The  
record is what counts.—Kansas City Star.

## Tommy Atkins.

I went into a public house to get a pint of beer.  
The publican 'e up an' sez, 'We serve no red-  
coats here.'

The girls behind the bar they laughed an'  
giggled fit to die.

I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

"Tommy, go away."

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when  
the band begins to play.

The band begins to play, my boys, the band  
begins to play.

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the  
band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,  
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't  
none for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music  
halls.

But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll  
shove me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

"Tommy, wait outside."

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the  
troopship's on the tide.

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the  
troopship's on the tide.

O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the  
troopship's on the tide.

Yes, makin' moak of uniforms that guard you  
while you sleep to play.

Is cheaper than their uniforms, an' they're  
starvation cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin'  
large a bit.

Is five times better business than paradin' in  
full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

"Tommy, now's your soul."

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the  
drums begin to roll.

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums  
begin to roll.

O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums  
begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no  
blackguards, too.

But sile men in barracks, most remarkable  
like you.

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your  
fancy paints.

Why, single men in barracks don't grow into  
plaster saints.

While it's "Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

"Tommy, fall behind."

But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when  
there's trouble in the wind.

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's  
trouble in the wind.

O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when  
there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'

fire an' all;

We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us  
Don't mess about the cookroom slops, but prove  
it to our face.

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldierman's  
disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

"Chuck 'im out, the brute!"

But it's "Savior of 'is country" when the guns  
begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet  
that Tommy sees!

—Rudyard Kipling.

## NEWS